PICTURES

Of { PASSIONS, FANCIES, & AFFECTIONS.

Poetically Deciphered in variety of *CHARACTERS.*

By *T. F.*

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CHARACTERS.

A

The Parliament of England.

INVOCATION.

GReat *Genius* of my Country, whose bright eye,
Are macerated with our miseries;
Whose unrestrained royalty convinces,
The power of Prelacy, and pride of Princes;
Great Secretary to the Fate of Thrones,
That turn'st the wheel of Revolutions;

That put'st a period to Imperial Stems,
And crown'st Conquerours with Diadems:
Beneath the steps of whose immortal station,
Sits (the selected safety of our Nation)
The supream Power: Oh! pardon my intrusion,
If on bent knees, I beg the sweet infusion
Of thy cleer Spirit; which in sacred slumbers,
May fill my soul with matter, phrase, and numbers
Pregnant and perfect: Let my impartial pen,
Picture the proper praises of those men,
Whom Providence, by a decree of Fate,
Hath made the succours of our suffering State.

The Character.

A Parliament, conveneth by the voyce
Of the best Natives, fitted for free choise;
In which no private Passion or Affection,
Should sway the equal ballance of Election;
Where every man is just, and doth not waver
For future fear, nor yet for former favour:
They do not chuse Old folly, nor Young neatness
Unrighteous Riches, nor ungodly Greatness;
But their Election to discretion yielding,
They finde fit timber for the famous building.
The grand Conjunction of the Nation signes,
To this Convention; where each man enclines
To actuate his *Countries good*, which he
Prefers above his life, or *liberty*.

(Not born for * himself) doth daily strive *1 Cor.
How he may meliorate the *Common hive*; 10. 24.
Where (as he led his life) he shines a Star
In Councel; or a Meteor at the Bar:
Here, men (like Surgeons) boldly do propound
Lancets and Salvo's, for the Publike wound.
Some Members are cut off, others are bound
Up, that they may preserve the body sound;
Nothing is unattempted to gain health,
When as the Patient proves the Commonwealth.
Here (without wrath) one Neighbour cals another
To strict accompt; the words, Father and Brother,
Are useless; for who ever doth intend
Ill to the State, is voted no mans Friend:
Here all do take a relish from one Cup,
The poor man sinks not, whil'st my Lord gets up:
It is not strength shall break the publike Hedge,
But all enjoy an equal priviledge;
HEE that respects no persons, bids us be
In point of Justice, Holy * even as HE. * 1 *Pet.*
The Parliament of England are indu'd, 15. 16.
With power to Constitute, Transact, Conclude,
To Make, Enlarge, to Alter, to Diminish;
To Nullifie, Revive, Repeal, Replenish,
In Church, or State; with purpose to advance,
By Law, by Statute, Act, or Ordinance:
All matters Civil, Common, Capital,
Criminal, Martial, and Municipal,
With Maritime affairs: It is indeed,
Our Nations Soul, and Body, the decreed

And onely Power to us, on Earth; whose use is,
To Right the wronged, and suppress Abuses;
Where sight-less Justice, is not set to sale,
Or forc'd, by th' weight of gold, to turn her scale:
Where the impartial, wel-enacted Laws,
Countenance nothing but an honest Cause:
To rectifie the wretched from such wrongs,
As may arise from Bribes, or Pleaders tongues:
It is a Sacred, and transcendent Session,
Where the unblemish'd Purple, daunts oppression:
The Poor mans refuge, and the Just mans care,
The True mans triall, and the False mans fear:
The Good man's Sanctuary, Bad man's grief,
The Weak man's prop, the Wretched man's relief;
The Patient man's reward, the scourge of Pride,
The Simple's safety, and the Nation's guide.

A Compleat Man.

HIs *Life* is our best method, and the Graces,
Compose him a fair Book of Common places
Directing to all vertues, that inherit
The glorious *Microcosm* of Bloud and Spirit.
His Birth, is not his boast; for he will treat
Of his blest Ancestors, as Good, not Great:
And though the Tapers of their Fame wax dim,
Th' illumination is supply'd by him;

Whose

Whose most enumerate Vertues make such swarms,
You'l know his House, better by's Arts, then Arms:
He studies man, and doth extract from thence
A knowledge, gain'd by safe Experience:
So justly square he is, that we may see
In him, Natures best Rules of Geometry:
A *Dye* without a *Chance*; whom Fortunes face
With smiles, or frowns, makes neither *Sice* nor *Ace*;
So uncorrupted with his Countries crimes,
He scapes their plagues, & fears no change of *Times*;
Who keeping in his own sublimed height,
Elects Friends not by Number, but by Weight,
That never durst admit of such a Treason,
As priviledgeth Passion to rule Reason:
Whose self-confining Edicts can maintain
All Acts of Parliament, to him are vain
And useless; since he needs no law at all,
Who to himself is a Law rational:
He is not one that mourns, or rejoyces
At new Events, according to most voices;
And thinks the true tract to Eternal Rest,
Is not the Road which Most resort, but Best:
For matter of Deportment, he'l ne'r fall
At odds, to see a worse man take the Wall,
Assume the Table; or appear disgrac'd,
If, amongst many, he's saluted last:
In Argument, he treads a wary pace,
And you may reade your Errour in his Face:
In Disputations of Religion, he
Barrs things Inscrutible, or Mystery:

His holy Actions ſuch a faith expreſſes,
That none ask what Religion he profeſſes,
Indep: or Presbyt: what he was, he's ſtill,
And will remain ſo, call it what you will:
Honour is not his aym, though he would have
That worth which makes juſt Honour truly brave.
Like him that is contented with the fate
Of a Squires Title, and a Lords Eſtate:
Calamities, and Court-preferments, he
Looks on with ſuch a Mediocritie, (him;
That though the firſt would vex, the latter love
Both alike move, but never can remove him.
He is that real *Argus* that can keep,
(In ſpight of *Mercury*) his eys from ſleep:
For flattery with an alluring tongue,
Like *Hermes* pipe, ſhall never do him wrong:
He loves his Equals, envies no Superiours,
And proves an humble pattern to Inferiours:
He ſafely ſits above, and ſees the ſalley
Of Peace-deflowrers, dye the verdant Valley:
Who 'gainſt his unknown foes, doth well agree,
To uſe his Breſt-plate, not Artillerie:
Conceiving though Hell threatens greateſt harms
To Man, yet Innocency wants no Arms.
He is a Tower ſo flank'd on every part,
By ſomething more then Mathematick Art;
That Envy, Pride, or Malice, cannot be,
The Diſ-compoſers of his unitie:
But every ſhot ſent from a Foe (perplext
At Goodneſs) proves prevention to the next.

His high resolves fixt by divine consent
Pass Persian Laws, or Acts of Parlament:
Thus with an even pace, wears many years,
Dying imbalm'd in good mens spiritual tears:
These are the Virtues make poor man compleat,
Whil'st *wealth* & *crimes* patch up the rich man *great*,
But never *good*; for Hell and her Complices
Contrive to bury him quick in his own Vices:
When t'others winged Soul ascends the skies,
With contribution from each Good man's Eyes.

A Drunkard.

DOth drink himself away to drown his sorrow;
A man in *esse*, one that will to morrow
Mend all his former Breaches, if his Groat
Do not betray him to a Mornings draught;
Which being with club-husbandry expended,
He cries to morrow, till the year be ended;
And in effect appears vainer than they
That would attempt to recall yesterday:
The Pot and Pipe are wheels that give him motion,
He's like a reeling Ship ith' raging Ocean
Unpiloted; with all her Canvass spread,
If one a harbour get, t'other a bed:
By passing fatal imminent Events,
Both are secur'd without their own consents.

He that is Lion-ſpirited in drink
Dares attempt more than ſober men dare think;
His wine-wrack'd brain betrays him to all faction;
With both hands dextrous for ſiniſter actions:
The failing of his tongue makes him appear
Vex'd that he thinks of oaths he cannot ſwear:
Which want, preſerves his ſecrets from expence,
And proves a double (dumb) convenience;
Then, if he meet with no reſiſting Evil,
Small beer, and ſleep, may diſpoſſeſſe the Devil.
But there's your Antick-drunkard, he that reels
And makes his wiſe head, underſtand his heels,
That with his irkſom Dances will out-weary
Patience, and break his legs to make you merry,
Who hath as many ways to drink a health
As ere the Jew his father had for wealth:
That's deviliſhly affected with new oaths
And drowns himſelf in Frolicks, to burn Cloaths;
Who thinks there's no ſuch precious wit as that,
Th' aſtoniſh'd, wiſer People, wonder at;
And all that claim but common ſenſe, abhor it:
Yet as they wiſh, they have, they're laugh'd at for it:
But in the next Room look, and you ſhall view
One that doth melt himſelf in Maudlin dew
On ſober Cups, whoſe ſublim'd thoughts do raiſe
The liquid zeal with Tears, and Scripture phraſe,
Who with diſſolved ſoul upon the Boord
Not onely ſpils God's good Wine, but his Word;
Yet vows on Superſtition to trample,
Then drinks, and bids us follow his Example;

He much condemns the times, and doth expresse
A bitter anguish against Drunkennesse:
And fitly doth appear in this, like they
Who bear a light, and stumble in the way,
His urinary Eyes, as they do borrow
The moisture from the Pot, pay it in sorrow;
And if true penitence in tears are found,
His sin and penitence do run the round,
He sits and sighs, whilest the sad sitters by
Must needs conclude his sorrow makes them dry;
But yet he drinks to all, and doth prevent
Their pledge, as Masse-priests give the Sacrament.
Now all the liquor's out, for in his Eye
You may behold the juicelesse vacancy:
His Sluces (too) are shut, and by good chance
He sighs himself into a holy trance:
Therefore we'll leave him, and direct your Eye
On one that drinks by Rules of Policy:
Whispers blank Healths, and his discourse begins
With pinching arms, and kicking of your Shins,
And in his Winks, and Nods, cautelous he
Appears the very Map of Mystery:
Speak of a King, or State, and you may spy
A hundred Notions in his wary Eye,
To figure an obstruction; and will cry
This is no place to talk of Majesty,
Let's drink our Drink up; such a cautious Elfe
Will make a Jealous Fool suspect himself;
For he, in every twinckling of an Eye,
Would seem to reade some strange Discovery:

But

But it grows late, and he muſt needs diſpatch
To traverſe home, where (by the way) the Watch
Examines him, and finding him ſo ſlie
In anſwering, attach him for a Spie.
To conclude all, Drink is the ſouls diſquiet,
The wrack of Reputation, Road to Riot;
The Port to pains Eternal, the decay
Of Life, Goods, Honour; Hels broad beaten way.

A Melancholly Man.

IS one that lives in ſingleneſſe of ſolly,
Whoſe *Summum bonum* is his Melancholly:
A ſtray ſheep from the fold, a piece of Earth
Digg'd from a Quarry where the Lead takes birth.
A Lute untun'd, a ſtrange myſterious Fable,
Of one unſociably ſociable;
His ſighs are broken Air, and his hoarſe Hum,
Like a dead March, beat on a funeral drum:
The pleaſures of the world, and he, agree
As fire, and parchment, the Antipathie
Unto Time, Tune, and Mood, and wonders what
Men (when they laugh) ſee to be merry at:
A man of mingled thoughts, that onely tend
Unto a proſecution, without end;
One in whoſe head more drums and rattles are,
Than ſun-ſhine days diſplay in Smithfield Fair;

In

In company you'l finde him by these types,
He gnaws his gloves, cuts trenchers, or breaks pipes
And if you tell a story, you shall know
His approbation, by his I and No
Unpleasingly mis-plac'd; which strange applause
Hath its direction from the Speakers pause:
He sleeps with open Eye-lids, and the theame
His fansie works on; is a waking dream
Of studied nothing, which at your departing
Vanisheth (Vision-like) with sudden starting:
He's the contriver of crosse arms, fixt eyes, (plies
Treads tractlesse fields, dark groves, and much com-
With mourning Mirtle, Willow, Ivie, and
The straying streams of an indented strand:
His walks are desarts, if he chance to see
The ruines of an old raz'd Priorie,
As motionlesse as the object he appears,
And sets his fansie back five hundred years;
His nights are vigils, where he nature wrongs
By measuring time, as Choristers do songs:
His own distempers make him turn so oft
From place to place, no pillow can be soft;
A down-bed is a quarry, a bare boord
Hath as much ease as feathers can afford;
He lies, sits, treads on thorns, and yet we may
Not hence infer, he is in Heavens way;
For Hell accounts such hapless souls her own,
Whom black despair instructs to be alone;
His practise are strange looks, and doth professe
The egregious garb of studied carelessnesse,

Yet

Yet vexeth at your Boots, to see you go,
With not a span, distant from Top to Toe.
But this mad Malady doth often spring,
From the soft Mischiefe of self-humouring,
Or an affected Pride; which being croſt,
The World and he, are to each other loſt;
And prove so potent in imperious passion,
They ne'r admit of Reconciliation.
He's no Religion, though he do insist,
Much on the Tenents of a Separatist;
For such repugnance is in flesh and blood,
Men when alone, seldom converse with Good.
If this disease proceed from being croſt
In Love, and's amorous expectation loſt;
There's nothing more his extasie can move,
Then sad *Romancies*, where men die for Love;
Who by a queint intelligence doth finde,
That Birds chaunt out his griefs 'gainſt *Womankind*.
He knows yon Christal Brook, or silver Boorn,
For his unhappiness, are taught to mourn;
And in carv'd Characters, each Tree shall tell,
The falseness of his faireſt *Florimel*.
But if the rancour of this disposition,
Take root from being thwarted in Ambition,
The fierce resentments make him male-content,
And (growing great) proves oft a punishment,
To peaceful Nations; on whose ruines, he
Resolves to raise up Towers of Tyrany,
High as projected Babel; till it please,
God to destroy it, with all Languages.

He

He is the Bane of Government, the Fate,
And fierce affliction to the Church and State:
Not caring so his arrogancy thrives,
If the red purchase cost three Kingdomes lives.

A Plundering Coward.

OF all our Martial Evils he's the worst,
Who fain would write himself Man if he durst;
His bulk, and needlesse magnitude hath shewn
The symptomes of (what he's afraid to own)
An active honest man; although we may
Conclude, nought is more different than they;
There's lesse antipathy 'twixt Lamb, and Fox:
Honest, and Coward, is a Paradox
So great, that wiser Judgements may agree,
Poyson and Balsam have a Sympathy,
Compar'd to them; He dares not be of that
Religion he must fight for; but is what
You please to call him, which (if understood)
It shall go hard, but he will make it good:
No man like him so guilty of detraction,
But hates the words of Sword, and Satisfaction;
The hour of Six, St *Georges* fields, the length
Of Weapons, with a Secondary Strength;
Such circumstance as this hath power to kill,
More lightning-like than the Weeks mortal Bill

Pre-

Presented to a Usurer, when he
Thinks of his crimes, and his mortality:
A Debtor meets a Sergeant with lesse fear,
Or Indian Merchants Gallics from *Algier*;
Yet he's the onely thing that is most froward
To his own Tribe, & speaks the base word *Coward*,
With such emphaticall contempt, as if
He were *Bellona*'s Officer in chief:
He'l lie (to) and be told so, yet you may
(For ought he knows) live many a fair day
Without accounting for't; no man as he
Doth bluster so in civil company:
Or puts the Drawers and Bar-boy in fear;
But (if by hapless Chance) women be there,
His Dialect is Gunpowder, his frown,
Designs the sacking of some stately Town:
His ruddy rhetorique speaks nought but Wars,
Drums, Trumpets, Cannons, Granado's, Petars;
Hurting the Ladies with uncivil force,
To shew them how he charg'd a Troop of horse,
And kild their chief Commander: Till they pray,
He will be pleas'd to fight no more that day:
At which he cries, Ladies I must confess,
This language is not for your gentleness;
I shall be silent, but will onely tell,
How by one Cannon shot ten thousand fell,
At storming of a City; then (it may be)
Ere that, some Gentleman relieves my Lady,
That knows his vapouring, to whom he dares,
Sooner breath Blasphemy, then speak of Warrs;

A Boy

A boy out-braves him, if he can but threat him,
And each man is his maſter that dares beat him;
(That's every man that knows him) to whom he
Hath vow'd Allegeance, Love, and Loyalty:
His Friend is one for whom he doth not care,
Becauſe ſubjected not to *love* but *fear*:
He's one the town rid's without bit or ſnaffle,
Kick'd capable of every ſort of baffle;
And is contented to beſtow the ſtrife
(Receiv'd abroad) at home upon his wife,
Or quaking ſervants; nay, his very Doxy
Shall ſuffer, thus he grows reveng'd by proxy:
The Fidlers greatly fear him, whom he puts
To flight, or frets them to the very guts:
If Marſhall law for plunder han't deſtroy'd him,
Ile teach you by his habit to avoid him;
His look and language are both rude, and rough,
His plump corpes laced in with larded buff
Of primitive Cows skin, which he doth regard
So much, that all his actions are Cow-ward.
His hat pinn'd up, a black patch croſſe the noſe,
A heavy iron ſword, which fondly grows
To the kinde ſcabberd, and (the more to brave it)
A greaſie ſcarfe, fat as the fiſt that gave it.
But if he have a fortune, you ſhall ſee
His Cowſhip in more glittring bravery;
Of beaver, feather, ſilver ſpurs, rich hilt,
The medall of his General in gilt,
Yet is an Armies Cipher, and doth cumber
The place he rides in, to make up the number.

A valiant

A Valiant Man at Arms.

HE is the Magazine of Mental treasure,
A man that wants not Tincture, Weight, or
Whose Vertues are an everlasting story, (Measure;
With every Act, shewing the Makers glory.
He is the darling of a noble Nation,
And on the Liberal Arts frames his foundation.
(The Pedestal of Honour) for he knowes,
We meet as well with wise, as fighting Foes:
And that his judgement who leads Troops of Men,
Must be well vers'd in the Why, How, and When
Great *Actions* may be entertain'd; and be
Exactly skil'd in Counter-policie:
If in the Volume of his Ancestry,
He reade no publique Acts of Chivalry,
He thinks his task the greater; and is fitted,
In all things, to perform what they omitted:
But if he finde it fill'd with loyal glory,
He well continues, and augments the Story:
Thus arm'd, his Princes Crown, & Countries Right
Gives him Commission, to go forth and fight.
Rashnes he understands not, but is sure,
It is no Vertue; and doth well inure,
His care-devoted Minde with Patience,
The ready Road to free Intelligence:

Now Arts, (and a Juſt cauſe) give him the power
Of a prevailing, Martiall Oratour;
Where with ſincerity, void of Invention,
His Language doth ſo meet the Apprehenſion
Of vulgar Auditory, that the Skie
Is fil'd with the Free Votes of Live and Die
With our renown'd Commander, who inſpires
Their hearts, as one ſpark lights a thouſand fires:
This Pleaſeth, but not makes him Proud, or grace
His new found Fate, with an Affected pace,
Or Garb oſtentative, as if he were
Something, he knows not how to make appear:
His ſpeech is Affable, his VVords are weight,
His Commands Gentle, his Directions ſtreight,
His Memory mature, his danger ſuch
It well expreſſeth that he is as much
In Storms, as State; ſo Provident of's Men
That he would not loſe One, to purchaſe Ten;
Yet his heroick Reſolution
Gives Twenty Quarter, rather then kil One:
And all his Cruelty is, he will give
Life to ſome Deſp'rate men, that would not Live.
His Souldiers Poverty finds ſuch regard,
From him, they'r never Paid, but with Reward,
Conceiving it an intereſt as due
Unto their Merits, as the Cauſe is true:
Onely a Coward wants his Love, for he,
Thinks better of a valiant Enemy:
And ſooner will preſerve a fierce Foes breath
Then ſave a Coward from deſerved Death:

His Army ſticks as cloſe unto a Town,
As Ivie to their Wals, And 'tis the Crown
Of his Ambition, that he dares to be
So near a Neigbour to his Enemie:
He parley's, Summons, takes their Propoſitions,
Signes them,& proves more firm to his Conditions
Than Perſians to their Laws, entring the City,
His Garb declares rather a noble Pity
Than an inſulting Pride, and nothing more
Invites him to become a Courtier
Than do the trembling Women, to whom he
Uows himſelf Guardian, not an Enemie:
No Bells rung, Bonfires made, but all is done
With ſuch a ſolid Celebration,
As if the Conquerour well underſtood
Triumphs are Terrours that be dy'd in Bloud:
This is the Man whoſe Acts give life to Fame,
And doth nobilitate his Countries Name;
Whoſe memory (ſweet as the pious priz:
The Gods accept in a pleas'd ſacrifice)
Should be preſerved from the ravenous fiſts
Of waſting Time, by our beſt Annaliſts:
Death is the Life of Good men, and ſince he
Muſt, at the laſt, ſhew his Mortality,
Let all great hearts attempt with active power
To practiſe what the Grave can not devour.

A Comple-

A Complemental Man.

HE is your humble Servant, and can be
(Two minutes hence) ſo to your Enemie;
He's often kiſſing of your hands, as if
He meant to play the Complemental thief,
And bite your Rings off; nor doth onely ſhew
An homage to your Hand, but to your Toe;
Therefore by Superviſors, much ſuſpected,
To be a man that's popiſhly affected:
A *non Conformiſt*, one that hath deny'd all
Deity Worſhip, to make Man his Idol;
He often craves your pardon, and will be
In fault, that you may practiſe Clemencie:
He tempts your faith with promiſes, and vows
Y'are ſuch a man, his Converſation knows
No parallel, then doth he reckon all
The *minor* Virtues, to the Cardinal,
And cals them yours, thanking th' auſpicious Star
Made your affections firſt familiar:
If (in this ſtudied Eulogie) by chance,
The wilde uncalculated Fancy glance
On ſome thing that doth tickle your opinion
With ſelf-conceit, & make you your own Minion:
Ye are caught unknown to him, and cannot be
Guiltleſſe your ſelf of the Conſpiracy:

Therefore in VViſer men, much doubt it raiſes
When the Applauſe flows from a Flatt'rers praiſes:
Like that Philoſopher who fell in paſſion
To hear that Bad men, gave him Commendation,
Wondring what Evil he had lately done
That might provoke their Approbation:
His Polite words, like over-ſweet Perfumes
Delight the Noſe-thril, but the Brain conſumes;
Or ill compounded Viands, whoſe rich Taſt
Seduce the Sence unto a healthleſſe waſt:
But to a man that hath the queint reſiſtance
Of keeping his gay Courtſhip at a Diſtance,
That knows his practick Cringe, his ſtudied Phraſe,
The ſtarched Beard, with the ſmile-varniſh'd Face:
He hath as little hopes to work upon
As on a Saint, the Turkiſh *Alcaron*:
Plays, and a Dancing ſchool, have made him fit
To be eſteem'd (by his own Tribe) a VVit,
And from the Femal ſort his ſmooth words can,
Gain the applauſe of *pretty Gentleman*:
Civil, *well ſpoken*, that neglects the Road
Of common Garb, and does it *A la mode*:
A Crittick in the faſhion, and hath ſpeeches
In praiſe of Ribbon points about the breeches:
Extolling theſe grave Times, that have begun
So punctual a Reformation.
The ſerving Creatures are his Apes, and know
His Nod, his Smile, his Simper, and his Bow:
The *Vintners* are corrupted with 't, and vent
Their vileſt VVine with deep-fetch'd Complement,

Calling

Calling their fairest rooms, furnished in fashion,
By the queint terms of Good Accommodation
And such words *squirted through the teeth*, as when,
They tast your wine, like learned Cellar men:
Your Plush-tongu'd Mercer (to) it doth infect,
Who learns to Cozen you with Great respect;
And sell his words ith' bargain: but you must
By your Belief, teach him the way to trust.
We draw so much our Neighbouring Air of *France*,
That Complement (like an Inheritance:
Is Native) like Diseases of succession,
And sticks, as close as Primitive Transgression;
What vanity it is ith' open Street,
Meeting your friend, to dance about his feet,
And he 'bout yours, as if you meant to shew,
The people tricks, whether they wil or no,
Or protest Friendship to the man you Hate,
And Promise what you vow to Violate:
Happy those Times that could such Men afford
Whose greatest Obligation, was a Word;
Whose *if I can I will*, was of more power,
And vallid, then the Oaths of a whole Hour,
Vented in this Age; when but Clapping Hands
Where Seals, and Signets, Bonds, & Counterbonds;
For nothing more hath caus'd this *Kingdomes smart*,
Then such division 'twixt the Tongue and Heart.

A Ruſtick.

IS a rude Son of *Adam*, who intends
To wear his Fathers Curſe at's Fingers ends:
His Cattle are ſo much his Conſultation,
They make him of a Beaſtly Converſation:
But his tranſport of Corn, expreſſes plain,
'Tis he the Proverb terms A Knave in Grain:
He is all Mortal, and we juſtly ſay,
His Compoſition is but Graſſe and Hay:
Virgil he knows not, yet hath skill concerning
Some Practique parcels of *Georgick* Learning:
He may arrive at Heaven, for each Day
His progreſſe lies thorow ſome thorny way:
And ſhould be ſtout, for though his Roof afford
No Gun, it is defended by the Sword
Of glorious Bacon, which in ruſt hangs by,
To hew the hunger of Poſterity:
Theſe Modern times moleſt him, ſince mad Blades
Have taught him Billets, Quarters, and Brigades
Of Horſe, and Foot; which (for ought he can finde)
Are but new Words, made to deſtroy Mankinde:
He loves no Fighting, yet ſometimes a large
Party of Horſe will put him to the Charge;
But then he brags, though he be forc'd to yield
His Houſe, he will be Maſter of the Field:

He's always doubtfull of his Guests, and knows
No nice distinction 'twixt his Friends, and Foes;
Which makes him Mute, and warily to hide
His grave Opinion, till he know what side
They fight for, and doth (cunningly) prepare
For either Party, one set Form of Prayer.
It is a Problem of most hard Digestion,
If (suddenly) any propound the Question,
To have his voluntary quick Consent,
Whether he be for King or Parlament;
And puts his Clownship in so deep a Trance,
He knows not what to plead, but Ignorance:
He would not have the *Service Book* put down,
For the two Weather Prayers (the onely Crown
Of his Devotion) which (for ought he knows)
May be some slender Cause, that his Grasse grows;
These cruel Times move him to much remorse,
Not that they kill the Men, but spoil the Horse,
Eat up the Grasse, yet can the sad Assertion
Procure no Writ of Trover, or Conversion
Against the Trespassers, whose warlike Words
Are Statutes, & whose Warrants are their Swords:
Yet though his Corn, and Cattle, wasted are,
'T has vers'd him in the Dialect of War,
For now he can rehearse to you at large
A Troop, a March, Battalia, and a Charge,
Retreat, Relief, a Battry, and a Call,
Then from a Colonel to a Corporal
Speaks Offices *gradatim*; nay, he knows
Not onely what the VVords are, but the Blows:

There's ſcarce a Woman in his houſe but ſhe
Can (naturally) train a Company;
Though he had rather ſimply underſtand
The down-right, thrifty, old Words of Command;
As Gee, Ho, Ree: and his blinde Troopers call
By the known names of Dun, Sorrell, and Ball:
But now his hopes are (and I hope ſo to)
That he ſhall plow in Peace agen, and go
In ſafety to the Market, though he dwell
Till Monday at the Tap, 'cauſe Corn ſels well:
And who doth know, but ſuch a time may come
When the blown Bag-pipe ſhall out-vie the Drum?
And the majeſtick May-pole have admiſſion,
To be erected, without Superſtition:
When *Meg*, and *Margery*, with *Siſs*, and *Doll*,
Shall be allow'd to dance their Bellies full;
And my rude Ruſtick (whom I do confer
Honor upon, in this wilde Character)
Shall be a hob nail'd Judge amongſt the reſt;
And gravely give his Cenſure who doth beſt;
VVhileſt his gray VVife, hath her Ambition full
Fraught with the Stile of Miſtris Conſtable,
At every VVord, and he erect his Noſe
(In pride) to think how Wealth, and Honor, growe
Upon his Shoulders, whom we'll let alone,
Till a *Sub pœna* bring him up to Town.

A Sea-

A Sea-man.

IS the Worlds Water-work, and may be ſaid,
(Juſtly) to have *a Swimming in his Head*; (mon,
With him the Phraſe our Country makes ſo com-
Is true, that *Time* and *Tide*, will ſtay for no man;
For wch he quits the Shore, his Drink & Drabbing,
To be confin'd or coffin'd in his Cabbin;
He knows the *Winds*, wth all their various Courſes,
Nominally, as Plow-men do their Horſes;
But cannot ſo command them: he is one
So dayly us'd to Inundation,
On whoſe tann'd Face ſo many Waves are hurl'd,
That nothing but the Burning of the World,
Could make him fear the latter Day, though he
Has but ſlow Faith, Fire ſhould conſume the Sea:
His ſteerage at the Helm, makes him appear,
Not very much unlike a Conjurer:
And all thoſe Waves, & Windes, that act their part,
About him, Spirits conjur'd by his Art:
What is a Thief's Deſpair, becomes his Hope;
One's Faith, and to'thers Fear, lies in the Rope;
The term of Freſhman is a great deriſion
Unto the Trade, for He, and his Proviſion
Are pickled both alike, which (with their peaſon)
Renders them Creatures never out of Seaſon:

Pitch,

Pitch, Tarr, with heart of Oak, are the three chief
And naval Articles, of his Belief:
But nothing can beget a greater quarrell
Than Leaks, or Sparks, too near the powder barrel:
For though without theſe Elements he dies,
They are his ſtrongeſt, neareſt Enemies,
The Dangers of the Deep rather appear
A Merriment, than Object of his Fear:
And when his Piſcatory humor flows,
The mightieſt Whales are but his Play-fellows:
Sharks are his beſt Familiars, but (the more
His grief) his pretty Whiting Mop's on ſhore:
Onely a good Faith cures him, which makes her
A Votreſſe to her abſent Mariner:
And though the Shore injoy the ſacred Shrines
Of *Bacchus*, ſtill he's troubled with the Signes
Of *Taurus*, *Leo*, *Cancer*, *Capricorn*,
And ſome ſuch Conſtellations, that adorn
The ſcituation of the Zodiack,
Nay, he's acquainted with the jolly Pack
Of all the Planets, but 'twill hardly be,
That *Venus* ſhould ſeem ſociable at Sea;
Though it is Native to her; unleſſe he
Tranſport light VVares to *Lisbon* Nunnery;
Or carry cold meat to the Men that draw
Feminine hunger in *Virginia*,
Barbadoes, or *Bermudas*, where the Laſſes
(VVhich here in *England* were but broken Glaſſes)
Are cemented for VVives, and put ith' Faſhion
Of Honeſt VVomen, in a new Plantation:

His

His Climbing ſhews him proud, though the World (ſees,
He raiſes all his Fortunes by *Degrees*;
Without much diſproportion, we may vie,
His Sea-trade, with the Plowmans Husbandry;
A Ship's the Plow, a Rudder is the Tail,
A Stem the Plow-Share, Horſes VVinde & Sail:
One cuts the VVaves, the other Graſſe & Thiſtles:
The Boatſwain & the Plowman, uſe their Whiſtles:
The Ocean doth contain both Hills and Dales;
High Seas are Mountains, & calm VVaters Vales:
In all particulars, they are partakers,
One furrows Leagues, the other turns up Acres:
The Rocks are Hedges, and the Fiſhes be
More numerous (in multiplicity)
Than Beaſts are on the Shore; Nor doth the Sand
And Sea, prove leſſe preſervative than Land:
The *Husbandman* (by Heavens good advice)
Diſtributes Grain, the Sea-man Merchandice.
(At the ſame rate of Counſel) and 'twere good
Aſtrologie by both were underſtood;
When one hath Reap'd, and tother Peril paſt,
Both dance, about the May-pole, and the Maſt:
London's the Barn, where caſting off their *Armors*:
(Juſt) at the *Cuſtom-houſe*, he findes the Farmers;
And leaſt the ſubtle *Searchers* ſhould deceive him;
'Till all the *Goods* are brought a ſhore, we'l leave em.

A Common

A Common Souldier.

IS one that would seem Wise, and understand,
For Silence is his first word of Command:
He may be (by his Officers assistance)
Made mannerly enough to know his distance:
Six foot, or lesse; One that hath cause to thank
His Destinie, he lives in a good Rank:
His Leader should be right, for (sink or swim)
March, or Retreit, he's bound to follow him:
He is a man whom Fortune hath bereft
Of Constancy, for to the Right, or Left,
He always wheels, and (like her frown or fleir)
One turn, converts the Van, unto the Rear:
Two shillings binds both him and his Comrade
Prentice to this ubiquitary trade
Of Martial Mischief, and (whats strange to me)
When they are taken Prisoners, they are Free:
With Knapsack on, Match, Musquet, Band o' leir,
Ponder, Bullet, and Sword, he doth appear
Like *Mars* his Journyman, and (if Death stop
Not his advance) may prove Fore man oth' Shop:
Which is the first File-leader, and from thence,
(*Gradatim*) mount to higher Eminence:
For (once a Halbert gain'd) the very chance
Of war, yields Honour, by Inheritance:

They

They have one Cuſtom, Civil Law abhors,
Their Enemies, are ſtill Executors:
Yet (in a ſenſe convertible) complies
With us, for ours, ſometimes, prove Enemies;
These Souldiers are mad Surgeons, and let bloud
Ere the Diſeaſe, or Sign, be underſtood;
Their Pills are very powerfull for (to thoſe
They give them) one wil ſerve for a whole Doſe.
The ſame ſucceſs, ſomtimes, our Doctors know
Both uſe their Art, *Cum Privilegio*:
A Souldier (of all men) cannot agree
With Courtiers, what ſhould the Reaſon be?
They both love Honour, and, which is the prouder,
Is diſputable, both do deal in Pouder
And Plaiſters, to, although the Souldiers Glory
(In faith of Fame) have the beſt Salvatory:
Religion is a thing hee'l think upon
At better leiſure, when the Wars be done:
In the mean time, his Conſcience can agree
With bold *Belona*'s red Divinity:
Whoſe *Baſis* is the Pedeſtall of ill,
And grand Commandement, that Thou ſhalt kill,
Pillage, Impriſon, Plunder, and do all
That is conducible unto the fall
Of him thou call'ſt thy foe; Patience, and Peace,
Are both Apocripha, and do increaſe
Plenty, and Pride; therefore reſolv'd they are
No Law ſhall be Canonical but War:
The Foe a deſperate Outlaw, whoſe abuſe
The Sword, Muſque[illegible]d Cannon muſt reduce

To

To the ſame wilde Obedience, and ſhall uſe
Some ſtrange Religion, they are yet to chuſe:
This is my Souldiers doctrine, and the right
End of the wrong deviſe that makes him fight;
Little ſuppoſing that a wheel of State
Gives ſuch a powerfull motion to his Fate:
And whirls him round, untill his giddy Sence
Hath loſt the freedome of Intelligence:
But this is now his trade, and he muſt on,
March is the word, and Pay is thought upon:
His Quarters (to) are good, or elſe hee'l know
A reaſon why he may not make them ſo:
In brief, A Private Souldier is a man
(If rightly ſpirited) in whoſe ſhort Span
Of Life, the Officer that brings him on
May read rich Rules of Reſolution:
And not diſdain to practiſe; ſince the Stuff
Of Valour, doth not conſtantly line Buff,
Nor ride the barbed Barbarie, whoſe fire,
Is quicker then his burthen doth deſire:
A Souldier animally fraught with ſtore
Of mettle, is (though rugged) Gold ith' Oar;
So well inur'd to hardneſſe, he dares yeild
His Corps to the cold herbage of a Field,
And in the fury of the fowleſt weather
There join his *Muſquet*, and his *Reſt* together.

A Roaring

A Roaring Boy.

HE is the *Kingdoms froth*, the *Wiſemans Wonder*,
The *Coward's* Gallant, and the *Taverns Thunder*:
A thing diſguis'd in Noiſe, and one that findes
A great Delight in vying with the VVindes:
If Man's Life be a blaſt, we cannot form
His to be leſſe outragious than a ſtorm;
For at his Midnight Revels, in a Tavern,
He puffs like *Boreas* from the Nothern Cavern,
VVhere Pots and Bacchanalians look next day
Like men whom laſt nights *Tempeſt* caſt away:
His frequent Jeſts are Blaſphemies, and ſwears
Such Oaths, the Hearers wiſh they had no Ears:
Hell-fire he fears not, for he knows (before
Hé goes) the Devil can but make him Roar:
He is the Devil's Agent, to perſwade
Our younger Frie of Gallants to his Trade:
VVho doth with ſuch myſterious craft deceive um:
That they are forc'd to Live by't, ere he leave um:
A Bail of Dice (which ow nothing to Chance)
VVith cheating Cards, are his Inheritance:
Then for his VVomen, he hath choice of Faces,
Learnedly regiſtred, with Common places
In his black Book (and for a Summ) you may
VVin on his gentle Nature, to betray

Your

Your Liberty unto ſome One, which he
Vows, hath but new loſt her Virginity;
Meerly drawn into it, by ſome great Lord,
Although by twenty names, ſher's on Record
In both Bridewels; and every *Autumn*, fils
A Ream of Paper, with her Doctors bils:
So comes forth (like ſome book that had offended
The world) newly Corrected, and Amended.
These Creatures Annually do contribute
To his Neceſſity, with Buff, Red ſute,
Dutch hat, and Bilbo, that muſt needs be drawn
When any of their Honours lie at pawn:
By which, he gains a liberty to know
Their ſenſual ſheets *Cum Privilegio*:
And (for a ſurpluſage ſometimes) his Fate is,
To get *Morboſus Generoſus, Gratis*:
He talks much of great Houſes, and 't is true
He hath liv'd in them, Give the Divell his due:
The *Poultry*, *Woodſtreet*, *Newgate*, and *Bridewel*,
A Lordſhip which he willingly would ſell:
But that it is intail'd, and muſt deſcend
To the Heirs Femal: Nay, 'tis thought, his End
Will be in ſome Great Manſion, for the Stews
May purchaſe him, *Thomas*, or *Bartholmews*:
It is moſt fit, Men that have liv'd as he
Hath done, ſhould end their days in Charity:
But he's not come to that yet, now he Raigns
Like *Dominus fac*, with his Inglorious trains
Of new fledg'd Gallantry, who ſpread the ſtreet
With their pied Plumes, Sophiſtically ſweet

As the *Exchange* in Term-time, that invites
The new-dub'd ladies, of our Country Knights:
He walks in *Westminster*, where his wise Pate
Contrives some Criticism on the State,
Censures the Reformation, and would be
Content, the People had more Liberty:
Speaks of Arrears; although he nere did wraſtle
A Fall ith' Buſineſſe, beyond *Windſor* Caſtle:
Yet, for the Fighting Dialect, he talks
Moſt of *Duellum*, where he ſtruts, and ſtalks,
Extends his large Man-ſlaying Arm; and cries,
They were too cruell, who did firſt deviſe,
This beating Men with Bullets, (to he might
Complain of them, which taught them firſt to *fight*
For any zeal he bears to't) though the Words
Of Slaughter, VVar, Combat, & drawing Swords,
He'll talk of, like illiterate Men, that throng
To hear Orations made in the Greek Tongue:
Thus is the Bubble blown, whom (aptly) we
May term, the Bliſter of Humanity;
The Timpany of Nature, the VVorlds VVen,
Man in Monſtroſity, from whom all Men
Should flie as from a Plague, when Death diſplays
His Mortal VVings in the Canicular Days;
That, but deſtroys the Corps, This, kills the Fame,
Health, Wealth, Life, Soul, the Body, & good Name.

A Usurer.

BE *it known to all men by these Presents*, that
This great Extortor, was a spurious Brat,
Sprung from the Spawn of *Mammon*, now, the Acto
Of Man's Confusion, *Pluto's* chiefest Factor,
Oblig'd unto him in a thousand Scrowles
To ingrosse the VVorld, and lie Leiger for Souls:
One blest with Curses, and such Men do least
Love him, in whom he hath most Interest:
His Life is Contradiction, and all
His thrifty Actions, Paradoxical:
He's Poor ith' midst of Plenty, and doth grutch
Himself enough, because he hath too much:
Extreamly Avaritious, yet would die
VVith grief, were't not for Prodigality:
Cruel ith' Act of Charity, for when
He parts with Coin, 'tis to undo the Men
That have it, which (if punctually they pay)
He curseth them, because they keep their Day;
And well he may, for it proves fatal to him,
His very Guardian Angels do undo him:
Money was onely made for Use, yet we
In him, finde Use the greatest Injury:
Fear of the latter Day keeps him in aw,
For he fears Justice, though he lives by Law:

And

And doth much doubt the fatal Day should come,
To hinder the receiving of a Summ:
Good Acts and Deeds he loves, if they conduce
To Gain, *Seal'd, and Deliver'd for his Use*:
And is so jealous, that he will not deal
With his own Father, without Hand and Seal:
These words in Leases are his Luxurie,
To have, to hold, enjoy, and occupy;
Which by a vain Construction, (us'd in Mirth)
Makes him Incestuous with his Mother-Earth:
He hath a hundred Sutes, and yet his Back
Knows but one *Garment*, greasie, patch'd, & black
As his own in-side; He is much at strife,
That Law can grant no Leases for long Life:
And gratulates the happinesse of them,
That liv'd i' th' Days of old *Methusalem*:
That he hath read ith' Bible, yet his Faith
Is more in *Statutes*, than what *Scripture* saith;
And (like a *Sectarist*) would fain consent,
To nullifie the Last Commandement:
Nor doth he like the Second, it doth hold
Much against *Graven Images*, and Gold;
To a young Heir he's worse than all the Birds
Of Rapine, that the whole Country affords;
He sucks the Marrow, and it doth him good,
To glut his Avarice with humane Bloud
Of undone Debtors; till they grow so poor,
They're forc'd to beg an Alms at their own Door;
Gallants more spirited, are forc'd to spread
Their Wings in other Climes, and fight for Bread;

Knowing not how their Hungers to refresh
But with expence of Bloud, to purchase Flesh:
His hoorded Summs are but so many Stealths,
Conducing to the Bane of Common-wealths;
The State and People suffer, where such Men
Ingulf the usefull Treasure, so that when
A State-securing Army should be paid,
Unequal Rates, unwillingly, are layd
On weaker Shoulders, which, too oft, have drew in
A Forreign Power, and prov'd a Nations Ruine:
Him and a Conjurer, Sathan doth fool
Alike, they both are practiz'd in one School:
The sweet Sin makes his Intellect so dim,
He thinks he hath the Devil, when he hath Him;
The Scrivener, and the Broker, are his two
Assisting Suffragans, that must undo
The sliding Knots, of such mens Fortunes which
Contemn the paltry Pride of being Rich:
Thus doth he waste his ne'r-returning years,
In Dayly Stratagems, and Nightly Fears:
Whilest the poor Widows Tears, & Orphans Cries,
Like the first Bloud-shed, do ascend the Skies,
Till Death's Arrest his greedy Corpes assail,
With such an Action, that admits no Bail:
But must Eternally in Prison lie,
Who, all his Life, dealt in Security.

A Prison.

A Prison.

A Prison is a Period of the Law,
A living Sepulcher, where Men do draw
No Air, but what proceeds from sad Complaints:
A *Purgatory*, from the which no Saints,
But Angels can release them: 'Tis the place,
Where *Wildest* Men gain the habitual grace,
Of being *Staid*, and though they are bereft
Of other Chattels, have a House still left
Admits no Sale, which (by the great resort)
May properly be stil'd an Inn's of Court,
Where Under-gradnats that never saw
The penal Statutes here, do study Law,
And prove good Counsellers, for they importune
All Men to Providence by their Mis-fortune:
It is the Rendezvouz of Raggs, a Place
So sterile, men are seldom in good Case:
They may be Monsters, for unthankfull Fate
Hath taught them all a trick to be in-Grate;
'Tis (not unfitly) call'd Subtletie's Schole,
Where they can *See* day at a little Hole;
And some come hither onely for such ends,
As may confer a Triall on their Friends:
A House that little Charity imparts,
For Men do still condemn their own kinde hearts:

They are Veſſels in a Calm, but the Freſh Gale
Of a Releaſe, makes them to hoiſe up Sail,
And lanch into the Deep, till, now and then,
Some croſſe Windes force them to their Port agen:
Serjeants are Men of War, and do moſt ſlaughter
Upon the Merchants at an Ebbing Water:
A Jailor is the Boat-ſwain, who ſtill watches
His barbrous time, to ſtow Men under Hatches:
Juries and Outlaries are Winde and Tide,
The fatal Upper Deck the Maſters ſide;
Anchors are Executions; and Extents
Are the rough Rocks, that many a tall ſhip rents;
Intricate Caſes are the Tacklings, which
Perplex the Minde; and Creditors the Pitch;
The Law to be the Load-ſtone doth not grudge;
Purſers are Counſellers, a Pilot Judge;
Attachments Cables, a long Term prevails
To be the Maſt, Chancery Bils the Sails:
Here, ſuch as have profuſely rioted,
May prevent Surfets, and be Dieted
With publique Charity; which I am ſure
Did never yet beget an Epicure:
Here, they talk any thing, for ſtill they cry,
They can but be in Priſon; and to die
(Their Hopes are come to ſuch a low Decreaſe)
Daunts not, 'tis but a new word for Releaſe:
The un-hung Chambers, with the numerous Beds,
(Where open-eyed they lay their carefull Heads)
Look like Church-yards, and we may aptly ſay,
Is a fit Embleme for the latter Day;

Where

Where, wth their *naked arms* ſtreteh'd to the *Clouds*,
They riſe agen with neither Shirts, nor Shrouds;
The Beds are Duſt, Worms are the Lice and Fleas,
The dreadfull Summons, are the Jailors Keyes;
The Bail-dock *Purgatory*, and *Guild-hall*
A Judgement-ſeat, that ſalves, or ruines all:
All humors in this *vacuum* are hurl'd,
To make it an *Epitome* oth' World.
'Tis in it ſelf (though poor) a Corporation;
For the ſad Common-wealths men (by gradation)
Do clime to Offices, and, with equal Quarter,
Divide their Power, as if the City Charter
Were made their *Fundamental*; Here they Marry
Remove their Lodgings, carry, and miſcarry,
Buy, ſell, (nor do they want the Worlds Exactions)
Hold Controverſies, ſeverall Sects, and Factions:
Lend Money upon Pawns, they fight, and ſtab,
Are cur'd, pay Surgeons, ſwear, dice, drink, & drab;
Dance, ſing, write Books, in *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, *French*;
Study the Laws, in *Chanc'ry*, *Upper Bench*,
And *Common Pleas*; whileſt the Mechanick Blades,
Alter, make, mend, according to their Trades;
Some men have made this place a Counter-charm,
That may protect them from a greater harm;
But (in a Word) all men ſhall finde (that try)
'Tis any thing that tends to Miſery.

A Rash Man.

IS like a Ship mis-guided on a Shelf:
Un-naturally Out-law'd by Himself;
He's Reason's Renegado; one with whom
The word Consider, is too troublesome:
That doth obey his Passion and Affection;
Whose Cogitation, is the Childe of Action;
He Loves, and Hates, but is too quick in Both,
Accounting Contemplation, a cold Sloth:
He Doth, and then Disputes, he is a Man
Milde as a Brook, Wilde as an Ocean:
Fierce as a Lion, Loving as a Lamb;
In whom the least proportion (that a Dram
Conteins) of Choller, shall beget more spoil,
Than Flame and Flax (incorporate with Oyl)
Makes in a Magazine, that is oblig'd
To the Destruction of a Town beleg'd;
He's Folly's Fire, and fickle Fortune's Frantick,
Passion's Petar, Love's Blast, and Angers Antick:
His Brain is Flint, Heart Steel, his wilde Desire
Is Tindar: he that Crosses him, strikes Fire:
With all his Undertakings he goes on,
At the same Minute they are thought upon,
He sayes, Consideration is a Crime
Fetter'd with Lazinesse, it loseth Time;

And

And therefore (like a forward Man) will be
Always before his Opportunity;
But by that kinde of Care, he findes the Fate
That coming Early onely, makes him Late:
Men of profundity, that dare own VVit,
Know it is two things, to be First, and Fit
In some Imployments; He whose sad Condition
Upon the Scaffold, doth attend Remission;
May in the Book of his reviving Fate,
Record in Gold, that Time he stay'd so late;
Then to be First in some such Enterprize,
Is Ruine, by the Rule of Contraries:
So are a Rash Man's Actions, that refuse
All Counsel, but what Will, and Passion chuse:
He thinks that Temperance, and Patience,
Are onely Words, that want Intelligence:
And where he sees their pure Effects arise,
He calls it Idlenesse, and Cowardise:
His Ear is open, as his Hand is quick,
To any Sycophant, that comes to pick (Fury)
Thanks, for some ill-brought News, which (in his
He Credits more than ever Judge did Jury;
Another Mad-man's Challenge hath the power,
To call him (at a Sacramental hower)
From the high Altar, when the pious Priest
Communicates the holy Eucharist:
With him, no Season is unfit to Fight,
By Day, or Night; Moon-shine, or Candle-light;
Delay (he doubts) in such a Case as this,
Concludes him Coward, So indeed He is:

For

For perfect valour, rightly understood,
Submits not to the Ebbing or the Floud
Of a hot Gall, but wisely dares advance
His towring head, invest with Temperance;
At such a season, when the Deed alone
Shall be both Act and Vindication;
And cannot need that Penitence upon it;
The tother has; *I would I had not done it,*
Pray pardon me, Let my Repentance wash
The thought on't from you, I was much too rash;
Ile make amends; And such tame words as wou'd
Cause a cold Winter in the flowing Bloud
Of a high heart; but 'tis an equal Sentence,
That sudden *Rashness* should meet swift *Repentance:*
For, commonly, to him he doth out-brave
This Day, to morrow he becomes a Slave:
He is a wilde, head-strong, unbroken Colt,
A Wise man's *Warning-piece*, and the Fools *Bolt*;
The Coward's onely *Terrour*, Natures *Bubble*;
The Mad man's *Disputant*, the Milde man's *Trouble*;
The Drunkard's *Ape*, the Virgins *Over-throw*;
The Devil's dearest *Friend*, and his own *Foe*.
But, now I think on't, how shall all my Wit
Secure me, should he Reade what I have Writ?
Ile ask his Pardon, and Ile vow withall,
When I write next to mak him *Rash-on-all*.

A Cor-

A Corrupt Lawyer.

IS one that lives by Quarrels, a Beguiler
Of Peace, yet would be thought a Reconciler;
One whose best thriving is in troubled Times,
When the World's worst, & People full of Crimes;
By his Art, men may fight at any distance;
Envy and Malice, are his chief Assistants:
He doth little in God's Name, for he brings
All Actions that be penal, in the Kings:
As in his Declaration *(Tolle Lege)*
You'l finde it writ, *Qui tam pro Domino Rege*:
Informers are his Clients, whose Possessions,
Are a large Record of the Laws Transgressions:
He is a Man of furious Resolution,
That aims to bring all things to Execution,
And (by bad Circumstance) it happens so
That the Defendant and the Plaintiff too
VVere better be at *Tiburn*, then extend
Their Purses to Expences, without End:
For Lawyers (like the Irons that support
Consuming Fire-brands) do, with thrifty sport,
Uphold their Clients, till Demurrs and Flashes
Have burn'd and buried them, in their own Ashes:
Whose Ruine is the hapless Introduction,
To one man's *Wealth*, and twenty mens *Destruction*:

Not

Not much unlike the Butlers Box, which takes
Small parcels, till it carry both the Stakes:
Or *Æsop's* silly Warriers, whose fierce Fight,
Betraid them to the Rapine of a Kite:
So shall you see two Streams strongly contemn
Each other, till one Ocean swallow them.
Such Irons, Boxes, Kites, and Oceans, are
Those whom I aim at, in this Character.
Yet somewhat in him merits Approbation,
He doth not much encline to Innovation;
Or any thing which toils the Apprehension,
With the *Ænigma* of a new Invention:
But (very Orthodoxly) is content,
That all things shall be done by President:
He's one to whom no action comes amiss,
But what appears in *Formâ pauperis*.
And those he looks upon with more vexations,
Then Usurers when they're to pay Taxations;
Or those rich Jews, when they enforced are
By the Great Turk, to set forth men of War
At their own charge; No just Cause seems so sweet,
As what supports it self on Silver feet:
Religion is a Term he'l think upon,
I' th' Country, when all other Terms are done.
For you must note, when first he took Degree,
That he sued Conscience to an Outlary:
But I beleeve, 'twill strike him in some terrour,
At last Retorn; to see Her writs of Errour:
When all his subtleties shall be expresst,
And censur'd by that Jury in his breast:

When the Infernal prison shall appear
A little worse than *Hell* at *Westminster*:
But these are Phansies, that can raise no Passion
In Men uncapable of Contemplation:
Why should his Rumination be hurl'd
At the vain Fictions of another World?
Is there a Court which can return Denials,
To Him, that hath endur'd so many Trials,
Judgements, and Executions, as would make
The very Fabrick of a County shake?
No, no, go on, and let the Country know,
What 'tis to Quarrell, or (what's worse) to go
To Law; and, most especially, when He
That is their Advocat's their Enemy:
Like those destructive Aides, which (undesir'd)
Offer Assistance, when a House is fir'd,
And, at the sad Conclusion of the same,
Return a worse Consumption, than the Flame:
Not that I think the Law is so, but grieve
I have so great a Reason to believe,
Did not Law bound us, we should prove the worst
Nation, that ever the Almighty curs'd:
So self-destructive, and so barbarous,
That even Heathens, would be Saints, to us:
Therefore my Heart shall ever yield applause
(Next unto my Religion) to the Laws.

A Noble

A Noble Spirit.

IS Man in his Sublimity, whom Fate
Can not ſubject unto a ſordid ſtate:
Whom Poverty (with all her needy Train)
Incites not to the ſlavery of Gain;
Whoſe Freedom is that *Magna Charta*, which
Admits no Diminution, though the Rich
Revenue of both *Indies*, did conclude
To buy the Purchace; One, whoſe Nobly rude
Unpoliſh'd Bravery, contains a Jem,
Would dignifie the greateſt Diadem;
In whom that Intellectual Eſſence ſprings,
Which glorifies the Soveraignty of Kings:
Whoſe radiant Reaſon, hath diſpers'd all Paſſion,
To give his Actions free Illumination;
He lends Life unto Honor, and his Name
Fixeth a Title on the Creſt of Fame: (Dreſſe,
His *Looks* ſpeak *Pride*, but could you know the
He wears within, his Minde ſhews nothing leſſe;
His Garb (indeed) is ſtately, and he can
Sooner kiſſe Death, than cringe to a Great man,
Flatter a Prince, or be induc'd to go
Againſt his Conſcience, 'cauſe the World doth ſo:
He ſcorns to ſtrike his Top-ſail to the vain
Pride of that Man, who will not vail again:

Though

Though Bloud, Riches, and Dignity accord,
To grace him with the title of a Lord:
And nothing more provokes his discontent,
Then to abridge him a due Complement:
Therefore he meets all men with due Respect,
And is more sensible of a Neglect,
Then some of Blowes, and doth (alike) despise,
Dissimulations and Calumnies:
No man is more the object of his Hate,
Then He that would his Worth extenuate.
Nor is there any Man hath power to cause,
A self-opinion in him, with Applause;
So justly ballanc'd, that the even Beam,
Enclines not to admit of an Extream:
He is a man that lyes so truly square,
Fortune is not his Mistress, nor his *Fear*:
The glory of her Glance doth not delight him,
Nor can the fury of her *Frown* affright him:
As no man is more capable then he,
Inapprehension of an Injury;
So is it rare to finde a disposition,
Of such propensitie unto Remission:
His *Love is fineless*, but his fickle *Hate*,
A Moments time may amply terminate.
Although he be most just in the exaction,
(After a wrong receiv'd) of Satisfaction:
Which is so well contriv'd, he seems to take
It more for *Justice*, then for *Angers* sake:
His Tyranny is exercis'd upon,
None but himself, for if a wrong be done,

By him, unto another, he will nere
Contentedly, forgive the Injurer;
But with inceſſant Murmur, and Vexation,
Deny himſelf all hope of Expiation:
He's One ſhall ſooner in a mortal ſtrife
Expire, than poorly be oblig'd for Life:
Not that he would not live, but hates to be
So much engag'd unto his Enemy;
Curiouſly fearing, that it ſhould be ſaid,
He wears a Life, his Fate had forfeited:
If (in the progreſſe of his Dayes) he finde,
The Nation's favour gratefully inclin'd,
By adding Honour to his Souls enjoyment,
He ſets a Luſtre upon all Imployment;
Whoſe Honorable Actions may exhort
The growing Gallantry of Camp and Court:
And after Ages ſhall record his Story,
As one that liv'd and dyed his Countries Glory.

A Mountebanck.

IS a Stage higher than a Quack, a Thing
Nurs'd by Corruption, to whom the Spring,
And Autumn, prove a Harveſt; He is One
That is of All, or No Religion:
His Life is helliſh, for he always gains
His Suſtenance upon the Peoples Pains;

His Stage is built on Barrel heads, but he
Is best supported by Infirmitie;
His new-built Shop looks like an Antick School,
Where He, his Wife, a *Madman*, and a *Fool*,
Epitomize the *world*; which is the Cause,
His vain *Spectators* give him such Applause:
His Origin of living did consist,
Much on the Charcoal of an Alchymist:
Then serv'd a Doctour, till his skill did crawl,
Up to the *judgement* of a Urinal:
After he Practiz'd, but his Art did lye,
Most commonly, hid Piss-prophesie:
Which happen'd as infallible as Fate,
Assisted by a good Confederate.
The Midwives, and the Nurses of the Town,
Were his *Decoys*, and shar'd, till all was known;
Then he remov'd himself, and did repair,
(For health) unto some more infectious Air;
For he is one of such a gross Extraction,
That nothing keeps him Sound, but Putrifaction:
There his Experiments begins on *Rats*,
Practiseth poysons upon *Dogs* and *Cats*;
(They are his *Patients*) *Knowledge* must be won,
Though it depend upon Destruction:
Then his large Bils, in Text advanced high,
(For an obstruction to all *Passers* by)
He plants in publike *Places*: where he pleases,
To undertake the Cure of All Diseases:
When all that judgment values not a straw,
But what lies in *Lues Venerea*:

Or ſome ſuch *Paris*-practice, which implores,
The vile aſſiſtance of unwholſom *Whores*:
And all the worth, his vacant *Skull* affords,
Is but a ſtudied Catalogue of *Words*.
Virulent Stranguries, inteſtine Tumours,
Hypochondriacus, Malignant Humours;
Sordid and ſanious Ulcers, Phlegmon, Fluxions,
Hepatick Inflamations, and Obſtructions:
Hydropick Swellings, Fractions, Diſlocations,
Gangrena, Gangleon, with all *Vexations.*
And then a more then mortal Patience tames,
With the impertinence of *Authors* Names:
As divine *Æſculapius, Cornelius,*
Undoubted *Dioſcorides, Farnelius;*
Empedocles, Galen, Hipocrates,
Wiſe *Theophraſtus,* and *Democrates*:
Albertus Magnus, Great *Archigines,*
Beſides a hundred more; which he doth pleaſe
To coin himſelf, of ſtranger obſtruſe ſtuff,
Leſt his weak brain ſhould not be bad enough,
Who is his Patient; and may juſtly fear,
The worſt Diſeaſes enter at his Ear.
Come to his Chamber, and his Library,
Looks like the Study of ſome Antiquary:
Adorn'd with the ſowr ſight of *Seeletons,*
Embalmed Limbs, ſtrange *Beaſts,* and pendant *Bones;*
With tedious Lectures on them, that would quite
Deſtroy the patience of an *Anchorite*:
His *Folio Books,* like ſome great *Conjurers,*
Are madly ſtain'd with Rubrick *Characters.*

Of no Intelligence, unleſs they be,
The *Hieroglyphicks* of his Extaſie:
Yet theſe phantaſtique toys, ſerve to advance
His Name, where Money is, and Ignorance:
When in his Cheſts, good ſtore of Coyn is hurld,
He gains a Pattent to ſurround the World.
With no leſs Miſchief, although mask'd wᵗʰ Mirth,
Then Satan, when he compaſſed the Earth.
But leſt I ſhould by ſome miſconſtru'd be,
That I am *Lady Phyſicks* Enemy;
My juſt requeſt is, that I may refer,
Them to the title of *My Character*;
My *Pen* ſhall never fix a ſtain upon Her,
For 'tis an *Art*, I infinitely *honour*.

A Whore.

THat *Cradle-Curs'd Impoſtor*, is a *Whore*;
Which Bad men moſt *deſire* yet moſt Abhor:
Priz'd in the heat of bloud, at coſtly rate;
A Diſh they feed on, ſurfet, and then hate:
Who traffiques for Diſeaſes, ſpends her *Youth*,
In luckleſs Riot, void of Care, and Truth:
That ſels her ſoules Inheritance, to win
An Heritage in death, dear bought with ſin:
If ſhe arrive at Age, her beſt reward,
Is *poor, old, ſcorn'd*, and *begs* without *regard*;

She's the unhappieſt *Workman-ſhip* of Nature,
The fouleſt *Fiend*, hid in the faireſt *Creature*:
Damnation cut in *Chryſtal*, heaps of Flowers,
Scatter'd upon a *Viper*, which devours,
The gathering hand; A ſubtle, ſhining, White
Path, to the *Pallace* of *Eternal Night*:
Stars in deep Waters, which when vain men think
They ſhall embrace; in the ſoft Ruine, ſink.
A Shrine-like-ſhewing Sepulcher, which owns
Nought but the primitive duſt of putrid bones:
The Devils fair Decoy, the *True-love Theater*,
Poyſon'd Perfumes, Suckets that rot the Eater;
Shipwracks in calmeſt weather; Bels that have
But one Tune to the *Bride-bed*, and the *Grave*:
They are cold *Scythian* Winters, that appear,
So full of *barrenneſs*, as if the *Year*,
Had forfeited the *Spring*, and would degrade,
The World of that, for which it firſt was made:
Your Stately, Rich, and *Lord-beloved Whores*,
Are Treaſuries which vilde Extortion ſtores,
And ſtudious Riot empties; for what they,
Purloin from One, ſome Other makes away.
Philoſophers in vain you ſeek to finde,
Out *Local Hel*, in the vaſt *Air*, the *Winde*,
Or Centre of the *Earth*; for (*ſans* diſpute)
'Tis in the boſom of a Proſtitute:
Like *Hell*, they act deſtruction unto Man,
No Nation ſcapes; the *French*, the *Italian*,
The lofty *Spaniard*, and the luſty *Dutch*,
From him, whoſe Age depends upon a *Crutch*,

To

To the unbearded *Youth*, that ne'r put on,
The long-wiſh'd Jubilee of Twenty one;
Men of all Qualities are thus betraid, (paid:
They're worſe than Tributes in th'Low-Countries
Exactions upon all ſorts of Proviſion,
Meat, *drink*, *ſleep*, *clothes*, nay even on mans *perdition*,
They do (like Vultures) on Ill-livers gnaw,
And are thoſe brittle Ev'dences of Law;
(Examin'd by ſome over-curious Pate)
Which forfeit all a wretched Mans eſtate,
For leaving out *one ſyllable*: They be
Worſe then dead bodies from the fatall *Tree*,
Begg'd by *Chirurgions*, and wrought upon,
To teach a man (by ſuch diſſection)
Wherein he is imperfect; She is worſe,
Then all Ingredients made into a Curſe.
And (though ſhe merit it) there's nothing more
Afflicts her, then the hateful Name of Whore:
Which repreſents the horrour of her ſhame,
To profeſs that, which ſhe's afraid to Name:
The careleſs Cuſtoms of her curs'd offence,
Expel the thought of Prayer, or Penitence:
Her tempting Eys are moſt unhallowed Lamps,
And, like falſe Coyn, which, whoſoe'r firſt ſtamps;
Though the Contriver ſubtly may leave it,
Shall bring in Queſtion all men that receive it.
Such is a *Whore*, whom *Pride*, and *Luſt deforms*,
Firſt *rots*, then *dies* a poyſon, to the *Worms*.

A Virtuous Wife.

IS, to her Husband, all we can call good,
That hath affinity with Flesh and Bloud:
Her Chaster thoughts are so Divinely swayd,
Although a Mother, she's a married Maid:
In that her Conversation doth dispense
It self no further then safe Innocence
May wisely warrant, She's an Enchiridion,
To her kinde Consort, fill'd with true Religion:
Which is her highest Learning, and the Stone
Lay'd to support her Life's foundation:
Her Passions are so regularly sweet,
That his Distempers, and her Mildenesse, meet
Like Flint and Feathers; for she truly knows,
From vain Resistance, vile Dis-union grows:
She's of her Husband's Counsel, though respect
Instruct her to Advise, more than Direct;
And of his Privacies so (wisely) wary,
She may be stil'd his Hearts best Secretary:
They are so much One, that whatsoever Fate
Bestows on Him, She doth participate;
His Sorrow, is her Sadnesse, and his Mirth,
(Occultly) doth beget a blooming Birth
Of Joyes in Her; And, as I have been shewn,
Two Needles touch'd with one Magnetique Stone,
And

And fix'd upon their Centers, though an Ocean;
Divide them, yet, *One* touch'd, gives *Tother* motion:
So is it with this loyal Pair of Creatures,
No Distance makes Antipathy of Natures:
She is Man's better *Genius*, and it is
(Almost) impossible, that any Bliss
Should be a stranger to him, whilest her Care
Devotes her humbled Heart, and Knee, in Prayer
For his Prosperity, whose Hands and Eyes,
Are Sin and Sorrow's sincere Sacrifice.
Her temperate Speech is so divinely calm,
And from her Ruby portals, spring a Balm
So pretious, and invaluably Pure
That Love makes every Kisse become a Cure:
She's never Jealous, 'cause she doth not know
By what strange means 'tis planted, or doth Grow:
Yet (rightly) thinks they cannot be without
The Guilt of Soul, who deal too much in Doubt;
And therefore (piously) doth well prevent
The Plague of both, by being Innocent.
Her Angel-Issue that about her Knee
Make her appear (as she is) true Charity;
Beget a Joy in her transcend Expressings, (sings
And prove (what they were Meant) the Parents bless-
At whose Conception she did well agree
His *Name* should rather win priority
Than levity of Bloud, scorning the shame,
Which the Act shares, should nullifie the Fame
Of Generation, and that they should be
Onely the Fruits of Geniality:

Her

Her own Example, is a powerfull guiding
Unto her Servants, that prevents all Chiding,
Or ſuch domeſtique Noiſe, as makes the Act
Of Deportation, worſer than the Fact:
As I have heard an in-harmonious Chime
Of Words, convert the Counſel, to the Crime:
There is ſuch Language in her Looks, her Eye
(Without a Voice) directs a Remedy;
Which is not ſo auſtere, but you may ſpie
Love mix'd with Power, Meekneſſe with Majeſty:
Her Care is in her Houſe, where ſhe confines
Her Thoughts, as well as Feet, and much inclines
To Uniformity, for you ſhall finde
The Order of her Houſhold, like her Minde;
And ſo her Dreſſe, in which, ſhe doth comply,
That cheapeſt Fitneſſe, is beſt Bravery:
She is the *Old man's Crutch*, the *Poor man's Treaſure*;
The *Ruſh man's Remedy*, the *Young man's Pleaſure*;
The *Wiſe man's Jewell*, *Noble man's Renown*;
The *Peaſant's Reſt*, the *King's imperial Crown*;
The *Sick man's Salvatory*, *Souldier's Fort*;
The *Merchant's Providence*, the *Pilot's Port*;
Which, if he loſe, He ſoon ſhall underſtand,
That his worſt Ship-wrack was upon the Land:
But if Grim Death, his Lamp of Life ſhall ſmother,
He doth but change one Heaven for Another.

FINIS.